

SEAM NSTER

a
comic
book by

Nathan Castle

The
complete
edition

SEAMONSTER



by
Nathan Castle

Published by The LUMOTECHNICS Division

THE
LUMOTECHNICS
DIVISION

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DISSEMINATION UNIT



2010

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seamster can be read online or downloaded for free in a variety of
formats (CBR, PDF etc) by visiting www.seamster-comic.co.uk

Thanks to the people who took the time to read *seamster*
online, especially those who gave feedback, links and reviews.

You know...

What?

...I'm sure there was something
I was meaning to do...

Hair cut?

No, you twat. Something else.
Other than this.

Other than what?

This. Something other than this.

You're fucked.

I think I might well be. With my
life, I mean, something other
than this with my life.

Ah.

I had to do all this stuff, Monger, all this
really fucking great stuff. I had to do so
much and make so much and really touch
people with all this shit that I did, you
know? I was meaning to do that.

What happened?

Nothing, I don't think. I tried. I
did stuff. I *do* stuff, but not how I
was really *meant* to.

I seem to have forgotten what all
that cool shit actually was, that
I'm meant to be doing, you know?



You're not
dead, Dave. Do it
tomorrow.

But what?
Do what?

Take over
the world, or
whatever.

I'm not sure that
I can anymore.

Yeah. World's
pretty big.

And we're
stuck up
here.

Are we? You
want to go down
there?

I think so.
Eventually.
Soon.





Excuse me,



...have you got a light please?



Sorry? Oh, yeah sure...



Oh, it's you, hi!

Hey, you've got one of my books, haven't you?



What books? Here...



Ta. Greek Mythology? I've got a set - "Sacred Narratives"?

I thought you'd borrowed one at college...





SEAMONSTER

"Fiction is like a spider's web,
attached ever so lightly perhaps,
but still attached to life at all four corners."
- Virginia Woolf







I think I love this dream.

I can't remember.

It's my bird dream, and in it I can fly.

(I have to fly)

Tingling, in the pit of my stomach, up my spine,
and out through my arms. A roller coaster
stomach, lighter than air and I rise,
I'm pushed up.



At house height - and I can see
across the rooftops.

the tingling is overwhelming, and
suddenly it's syrupy to fly
(PANIC) and I have to push
mentally downwards really hard
to stay afloat.

But I'm used to this; I know I can get higher if
I PUSH.

(I push...)

Looking down I can see houses, streets,
geometry of a dreamtown, and I know
I am as high as a bird. When I'm
this high flying is easy again.

Surging upward, belly down, effortless.

I couldn't stop now if I wanted to. Clouds are
between the earth and myself, gently drifting,
and I slow to a standstill at the top of the sky.

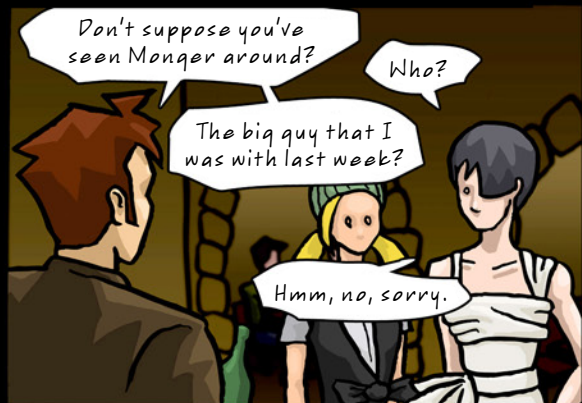
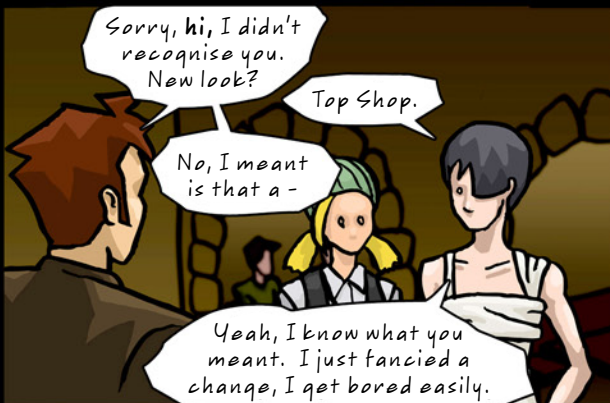
Here are all the others, looking down and smiling.

But unlike the other bird dreamers,
I roll over.

I roll over and I look UP.









What? No, I forgot. Well, I didn't really get the chance. I'll just bring it out with me next week.

Did you tell her you found it?





When I got home there was a little bird in my room.

Its tiny head had blood on it, and it was flying from one window to the other, hurling itself against the glass over and over.

Both windows were shut.

I watched it for a while. It looked like a robin, except it didn't have a red breast. Just the red flecks on its head.

I opened the window, and it flew straight out,

up

and landed on top of next doors chimney. It stayed there, and looked back at me until I felt uncomfortable and drew the blind.

I still don't understand how it got there in the first place.



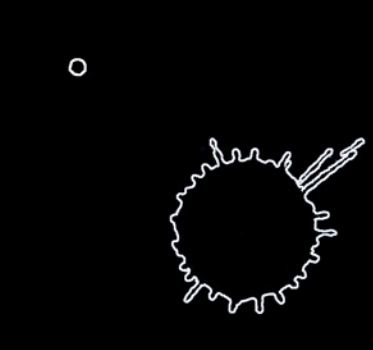
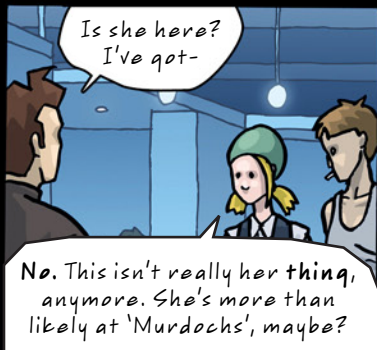
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM



BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

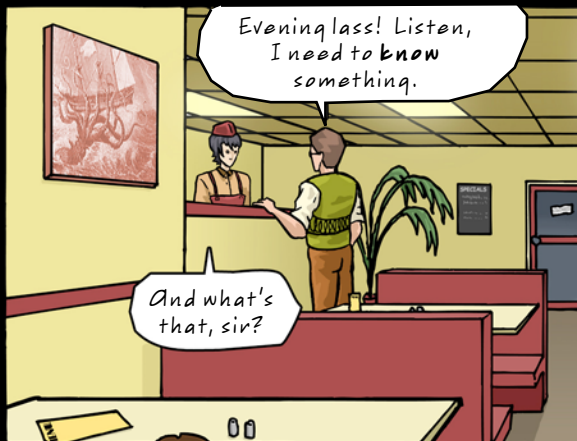


BOOM BOOM BOOM B...











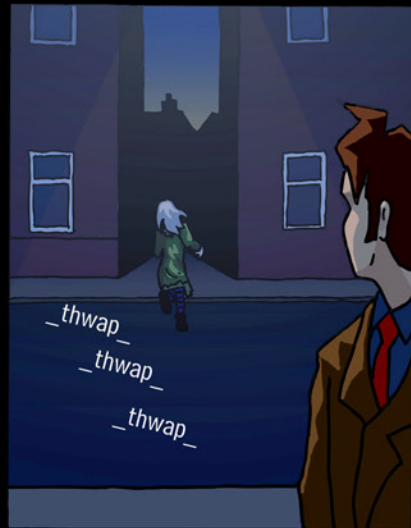




thwap



thwap
thwap





The ghosts hypnotise.

(Birds really. Gulls.)

About 4am, almost without fail, the ghosts dance.

(My roof is untouched by the streetlights, but the gulls are lit from below by the glow of the town, shining against the sky.)



A secret ritual, my own private haunting.

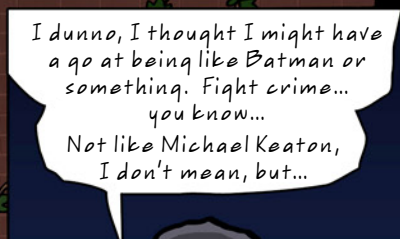
aaaaah!

FUCK!

Dave?

Who the fuck are you?

What? Oh, right, sorry...









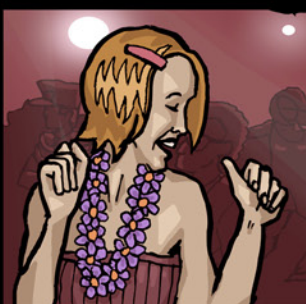
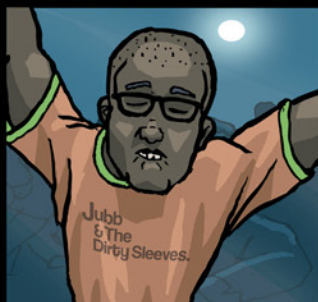
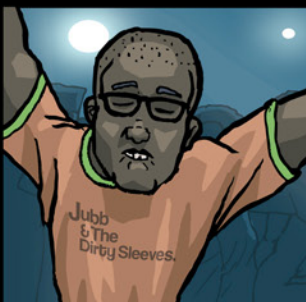






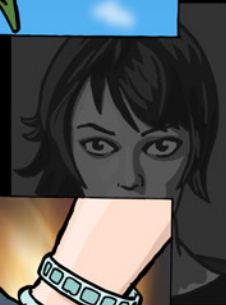
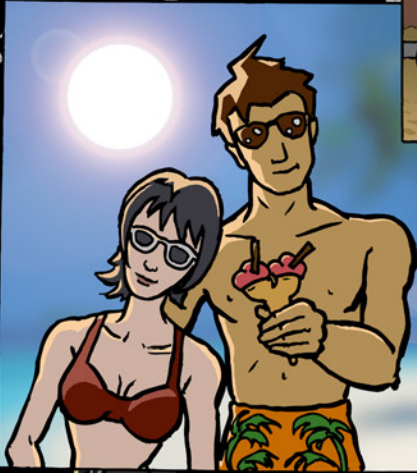


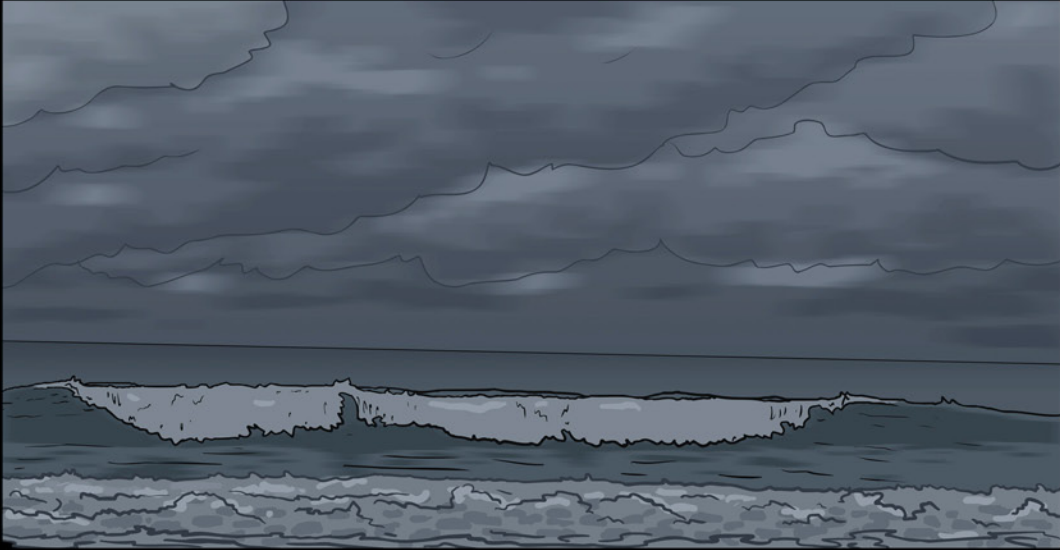






Thus:







Walking in the woods.

Off the path, into the dark...

Crawling through animal-sized tunnels in the undergrowth.

A silent, secret clearing.

SKREEEEEE!

Then we heard a Banshee. (We knew it was a Banshee because we had only recently read about them in my 'Dictionary of Monsters and Mysterious Beasts')

Naturally we fled.

But the wrong way. Someone had put a huge iron gate across the path. It was probably erected to stop kids like us getting into the woods in the first place.

But it was a blood red iron gate, and the Banshee was behind us, and that was that. The bars were about three times my height.

We squeezed through, of course, but I lost all the buttons on my parker. My mother didn't realise how lucky she was to have me back.













Whenever it was that this built-in wardrobe was first built-in, whoever it was that built it in didn't get around to fitting a back-board into the little cupboard space at the top.

I never use that space, but sometimes I look inside.

The wallpaper from *some other time* is still in there, faded peeling art nouveau swirls. And it always feels to me like that makes the cupboard into a couple of cubic feet of *some other time*, a tiny pocket of the past, feeble, hidden and precarious.

Secret.

And whenever I think about that cupboard, it feels like all the stuff that I've placed around the room, all of my stuff from *now*, and every breath and movement that I make in the present, are all contributing to a continually building pressure against the cupboard from outside - the tangible weight of my *here and now*, threatening to crush that final chunk of *some other time* forever.

I hate that feeling.

So I never put anything in that cupboard. It's my way of giving history a chance.



But fuck it, it is just the right size...

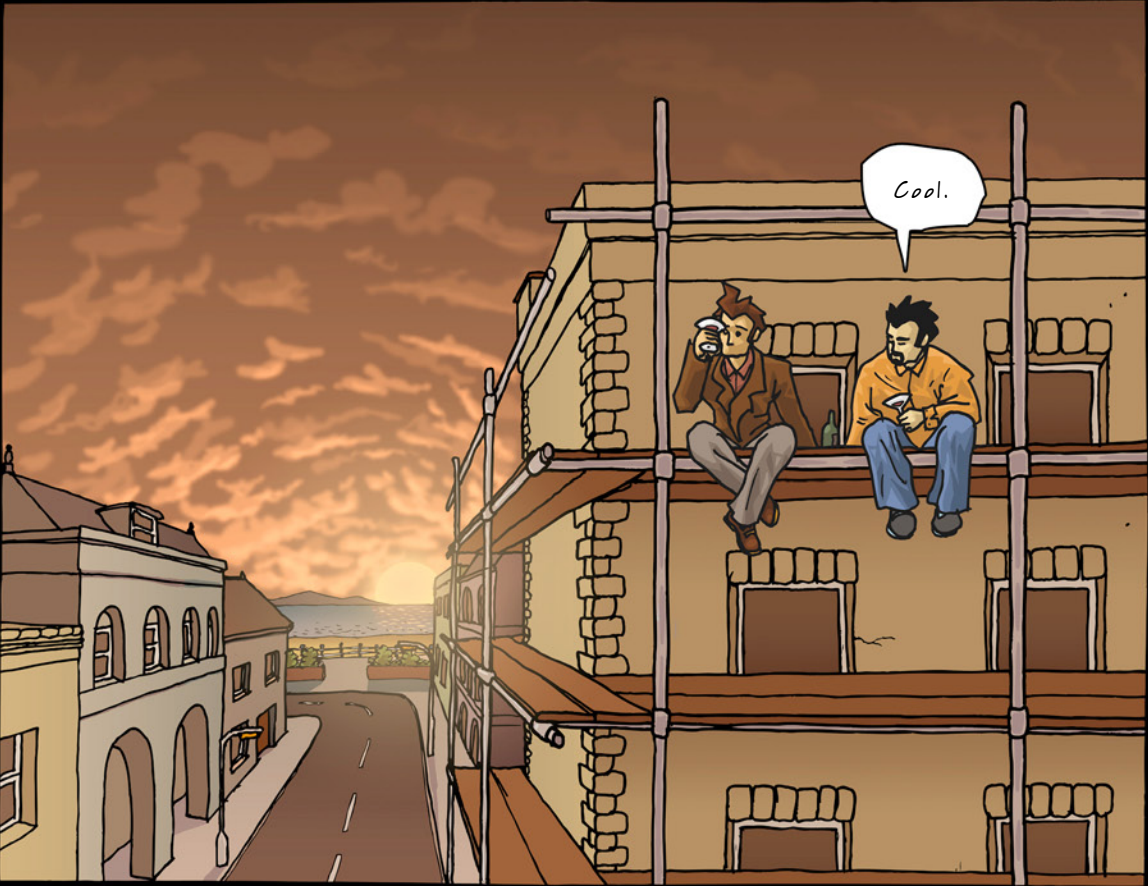




Yeah,
brilliant.



It's all
going really
well.



Cool.



Yeah...

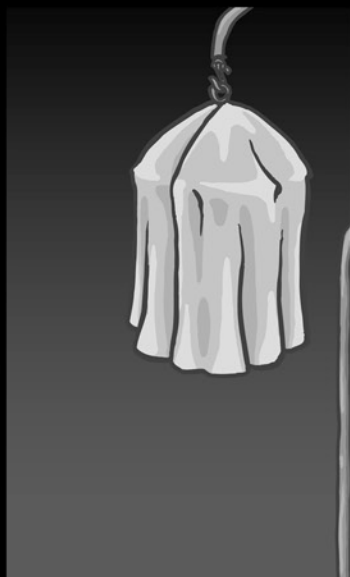
If I could



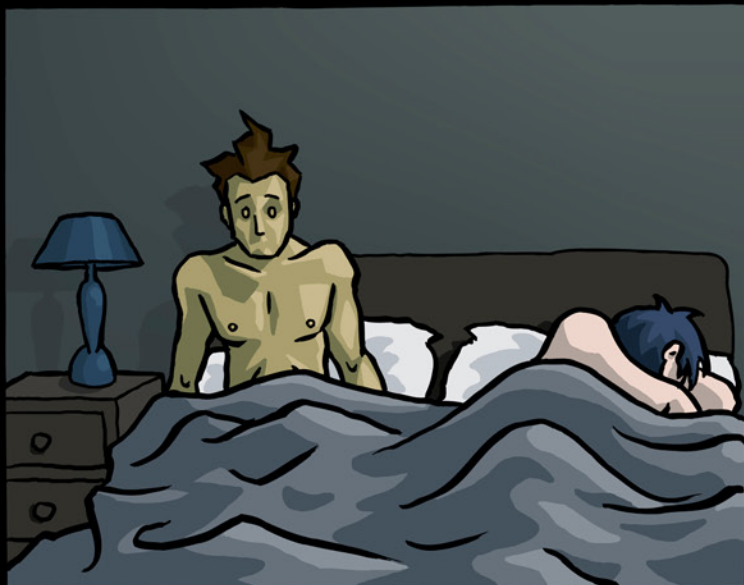
just

scream

Well...



How about that...

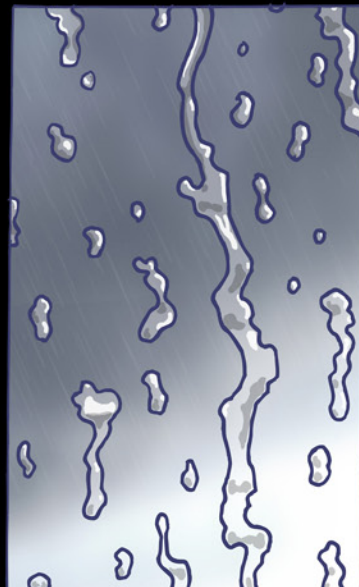




If I could do it loud enough...







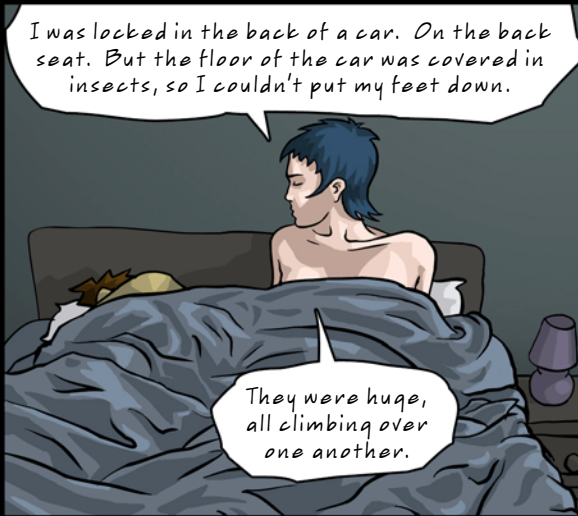
All the bad things would leave with it.



With the sound.







I think I live this dream

I can't remember



to dream on only

(I have to)

going through of my turn my
into the greater than A my ter
I rise
d

At the high not see
the rooftops

the flying over long and
did I flying up to fly
(am) > not I have to push
me flying downwards really hard
to stay flat

But I'm used to this I know

(I push)

g + h
I PUSH

Looking down I can see how treat
geometry of dreamtown I know
I flying d Wh I'm
the flying is flying

Su g n g upward belly down effortless

I do to now wanted to I do
twen th the not my f ge y d ft g
I lo to st d ll at th top of the sky
H are the other g and g

un k the other d dreamers
I er

I ro ver d I | k UP



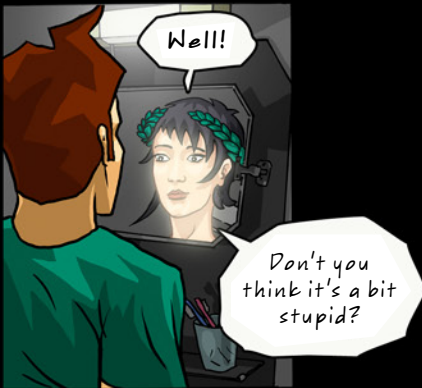
Raucous banter leaking from a pub on passing brings home the emptiness of the winter streets - like walking **in between** things, backstage.



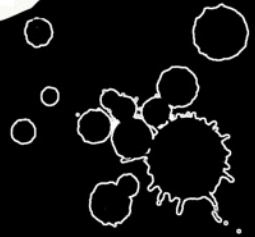
Just...



...scream...



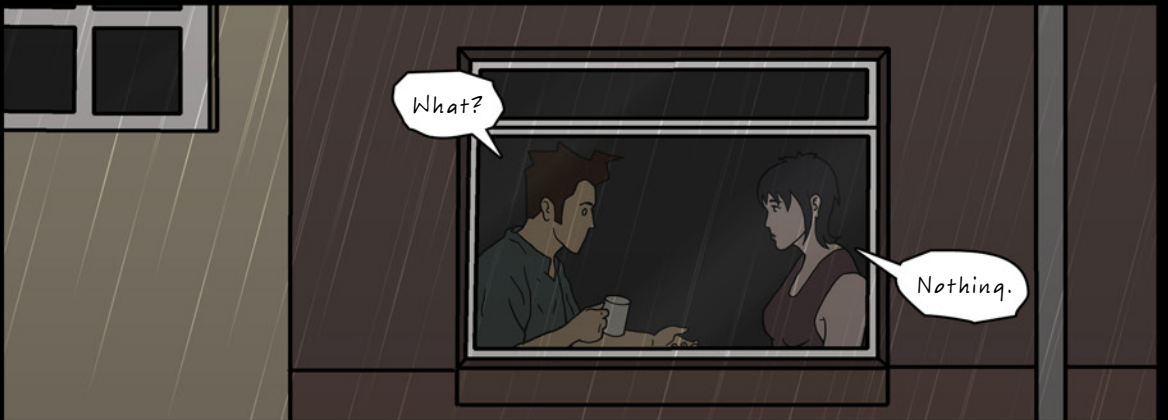
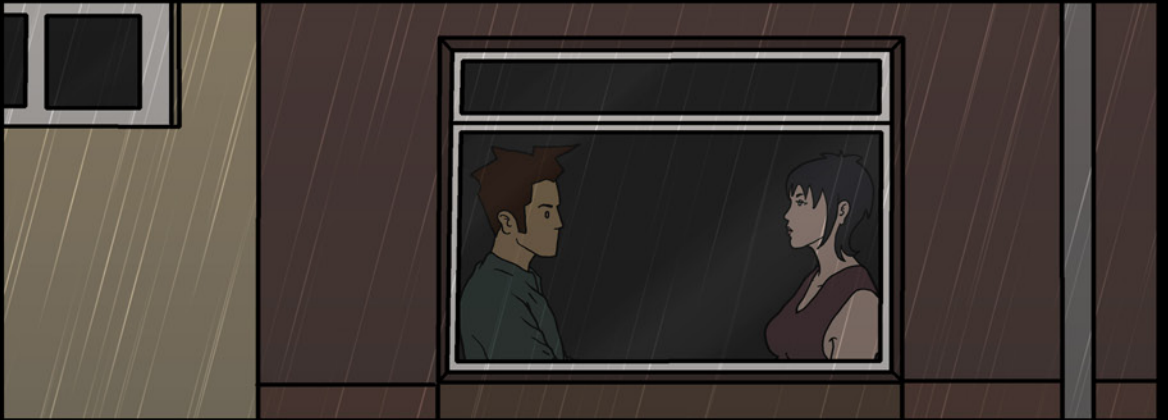
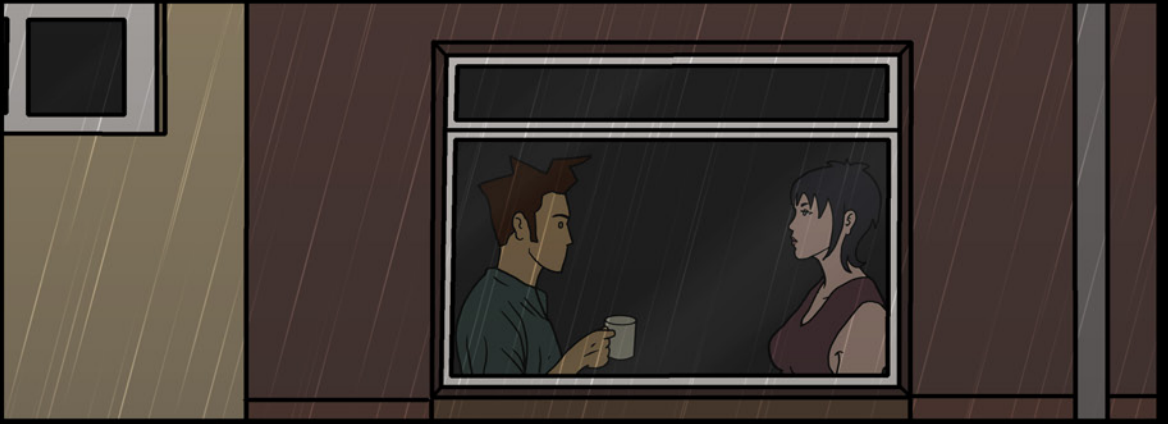
The story.

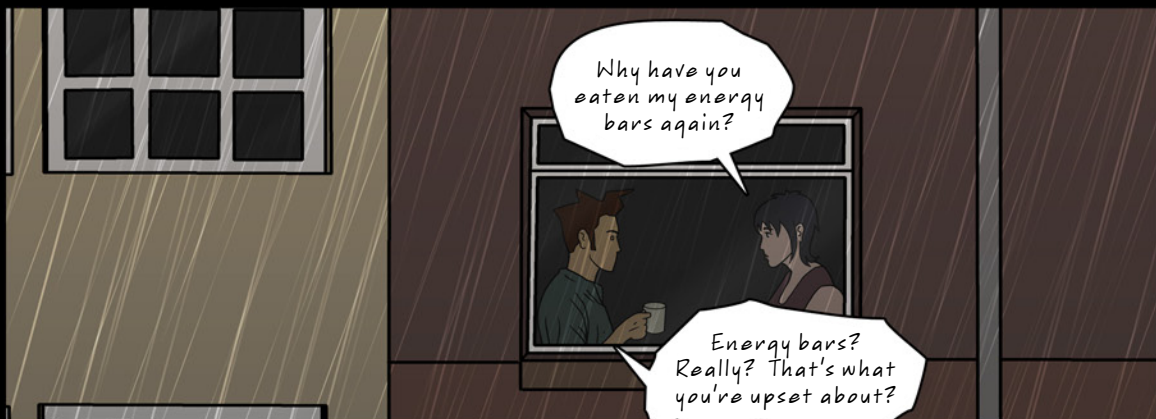
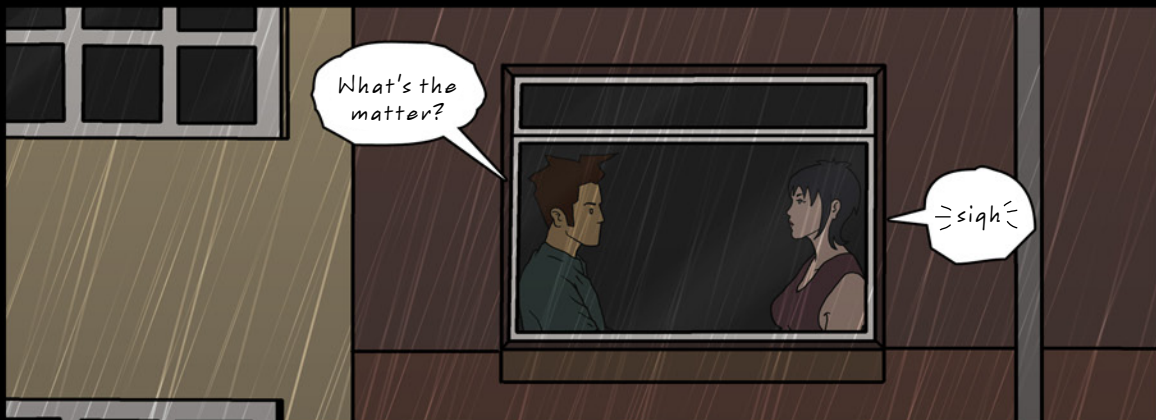




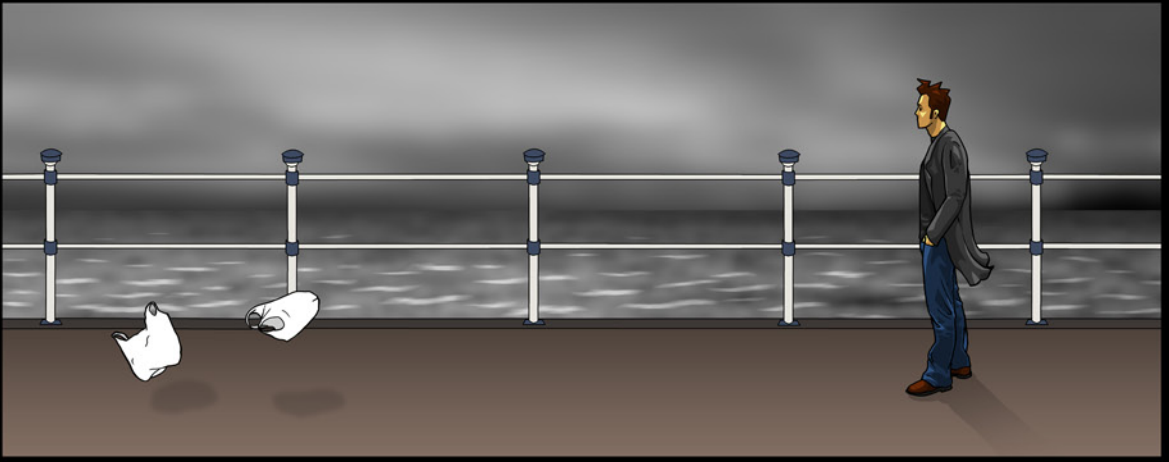








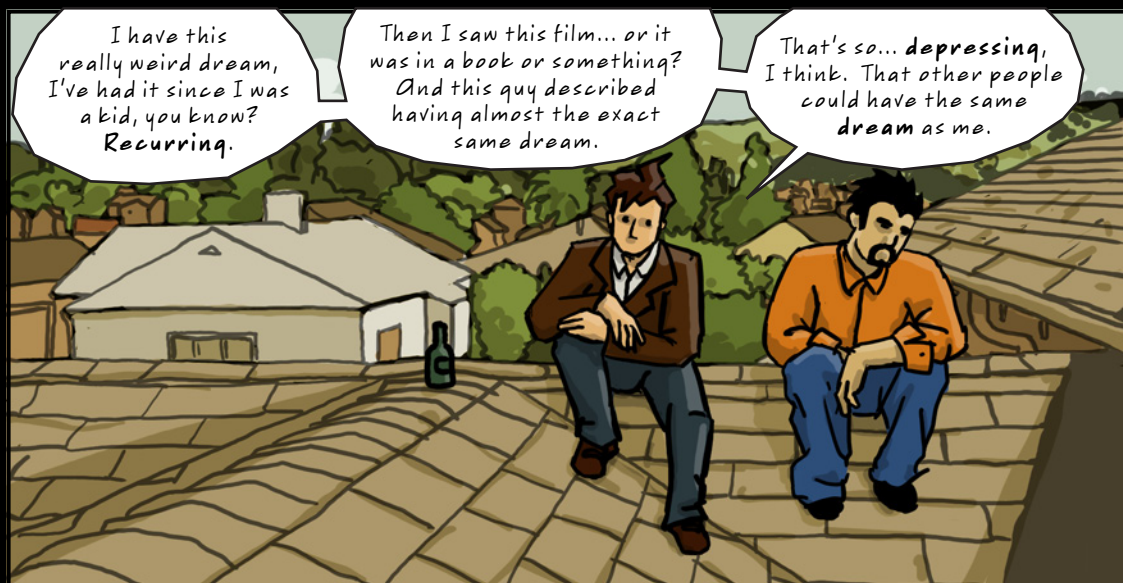














Tiny dancing
silver pins.

One pin. The delicate scratching
sound of each movement. One line
of pins, in unison.

A spiteful
chorus line.

Scratch scratch. No music, just the
dance and the shuffle. Five lines
and the scratch is a shuffle. Ten
lines, synchronised, underneath
the shuffle another noise.

High pitched.

Fifty lines. The resonance, the fine
high-pitched resonance of each pin,
the shuffle is louder, more like static,
but the pins begin to ring.

A hundred lines, I see them
all, **two** hundred, the noise is
beginning to hurt.

A thousand pins.

Much more than that, scratching, ringing,
dancing, glinting, **sharp**. In unison. Too many,
too fine, too high pitched. So, so many, it
smothers. A pin now for every man, woman and
child. Then more than that, and straight away
more again. My eardrums are about to **burst**.

Then a heart stopping
lurch into nothingness.

No pins. No sound.

Then the **thing**.

The colour purple begins to fill the void, a
bloated huge purple, dark and dense, too big
to see it all at once. A low, bass sound. The
purple is the biggest thing there is.
It makes my stomach feel weightless, falling.
It spreads. The bass deepens.

There are no
more pins.

Not ever.



When I got older -
'cause you can interpret
dreams, you know? There's
books, you could look up
that purple thing...



Anyway, I figured the
dinosaur was kind of the
reality, the truth, and the
boat was the thing that
we'd made to shield us
from the truth.



The "thing-that-we'd-
made-to-shield-us-
from-the-truth"?



Spare me
your complex
intellectual
jargon...

Oh yes. The monster is
always there, beneath the
surface. But it's too scary
to think about, so we forget
about it, and don't look
down, yeah?



But it turns
out we can't
forget all
about it...

So the things we won't
face up to become these
huge dark shapes lurking
just below everything else,
waiting.



See, I was a
very serious
teenager.

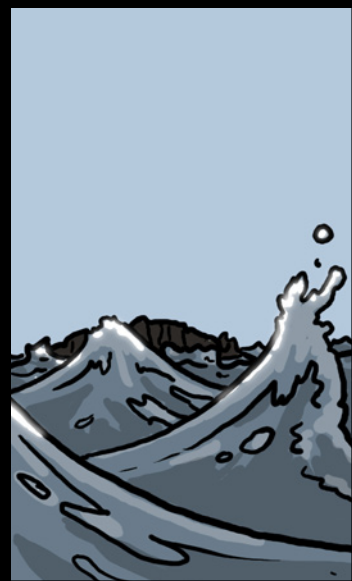
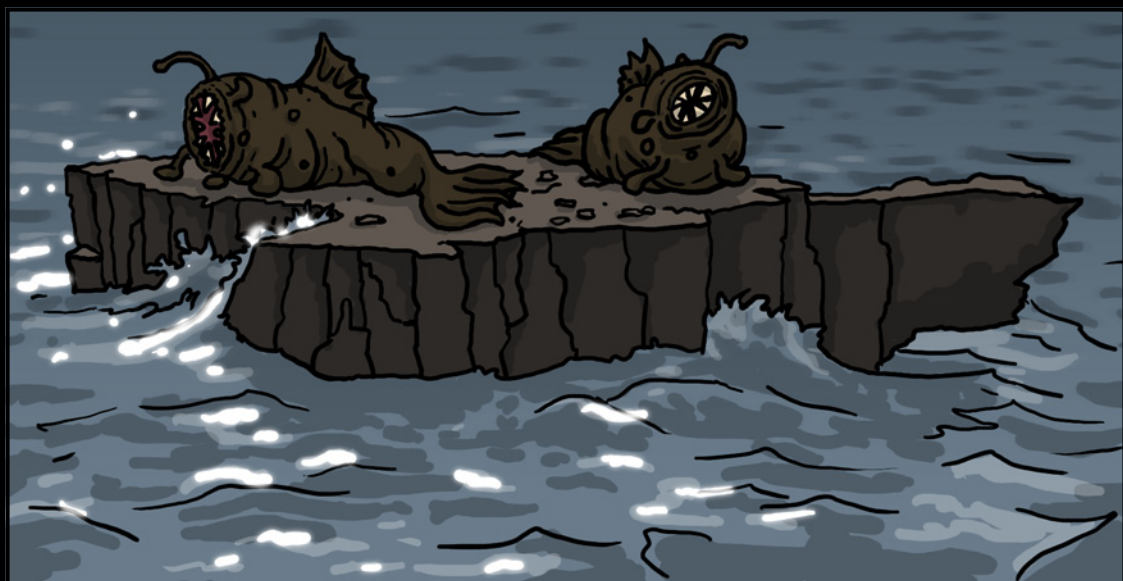
Anyway, I just wondered if
yours was that as well
- a dinosaur dream.



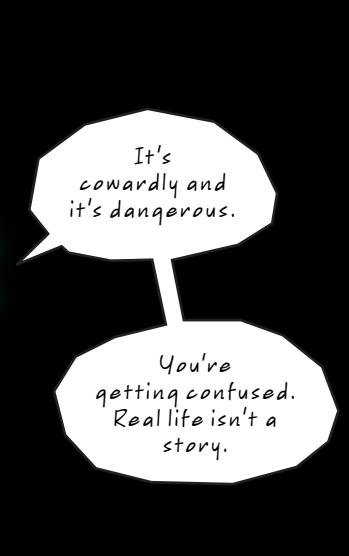
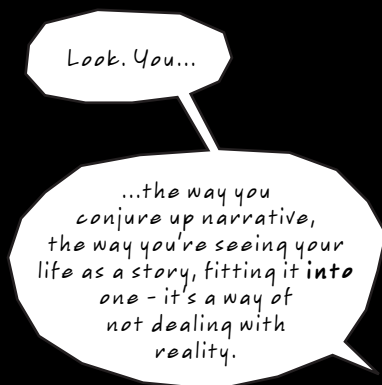
No cocks in
mine though...























And I didn't pursue her relentlessly. I didn't really pursue her much at all...



Are you going to interrupt all the way through the story?



I'm not - it's just - well, it's *not* the same story!

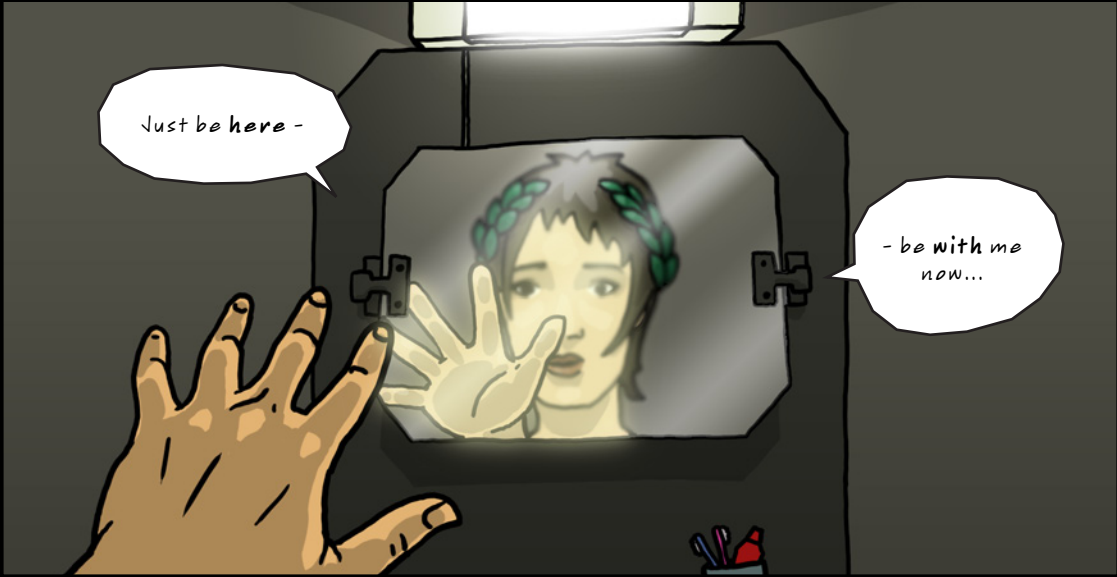
No matter how many similarities there are, there's just as many contradictions!



You don't need to tell me that! But, y'know, a moment ago you denied even knowing the story...

We've got to let it go. We can't achieve the happy ending when there is no ending.

You can't solve these things by force.



Just be here -

- be with me now...

clumsy clumsy is it clumsy

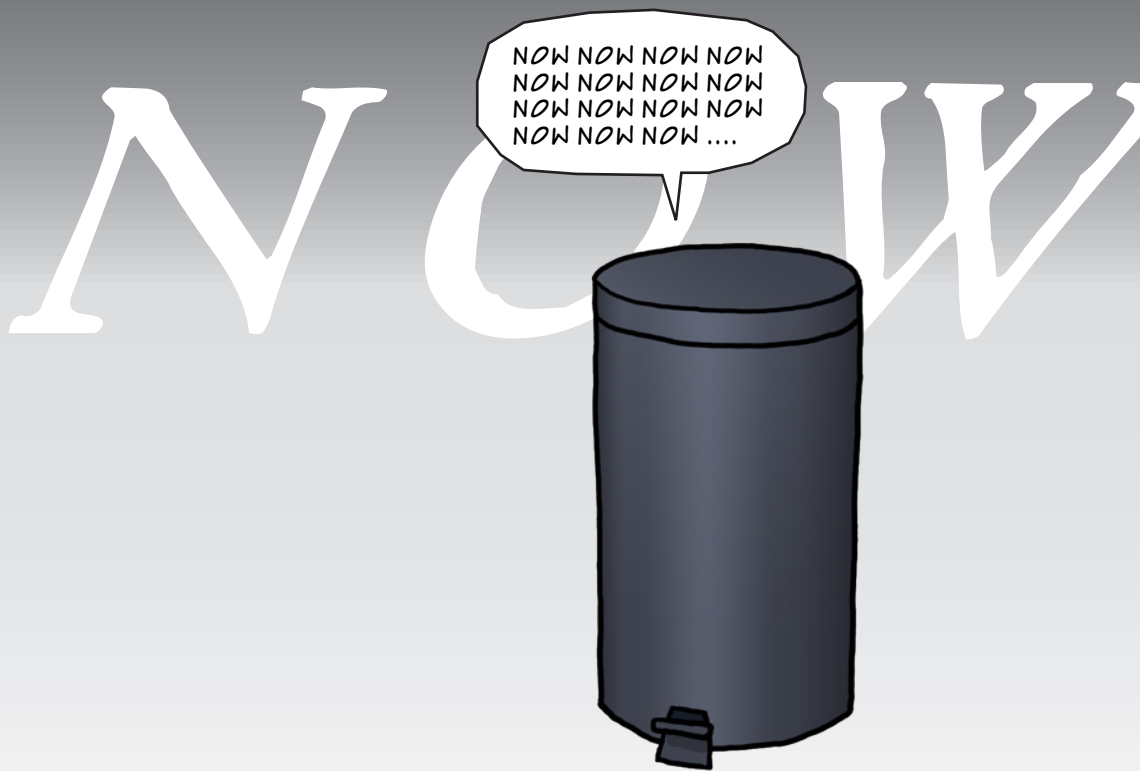
doesn't it fit together

shouldn't it all pull itself

t o g g e t h e r

and deliver the

p u n c h l i n e





NOW

NOW

NOW

11011

1011

121

—

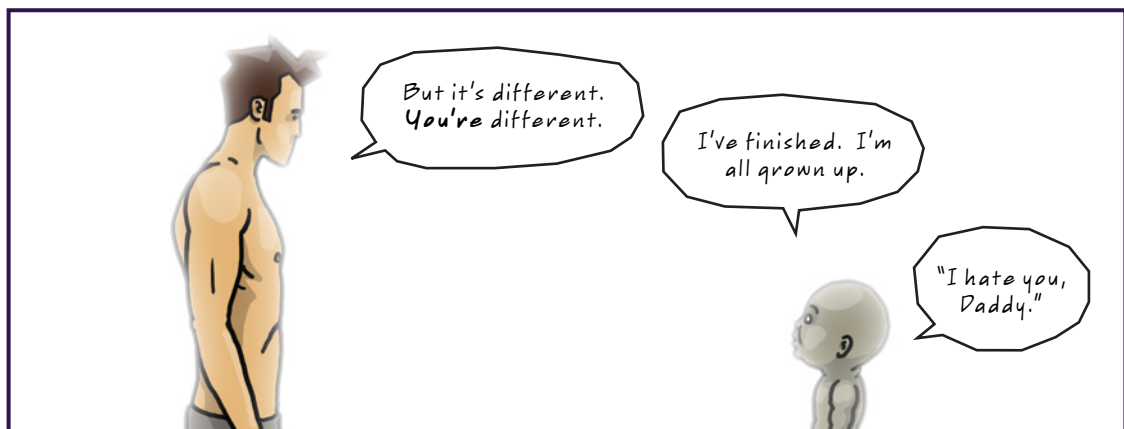




Where
am I?



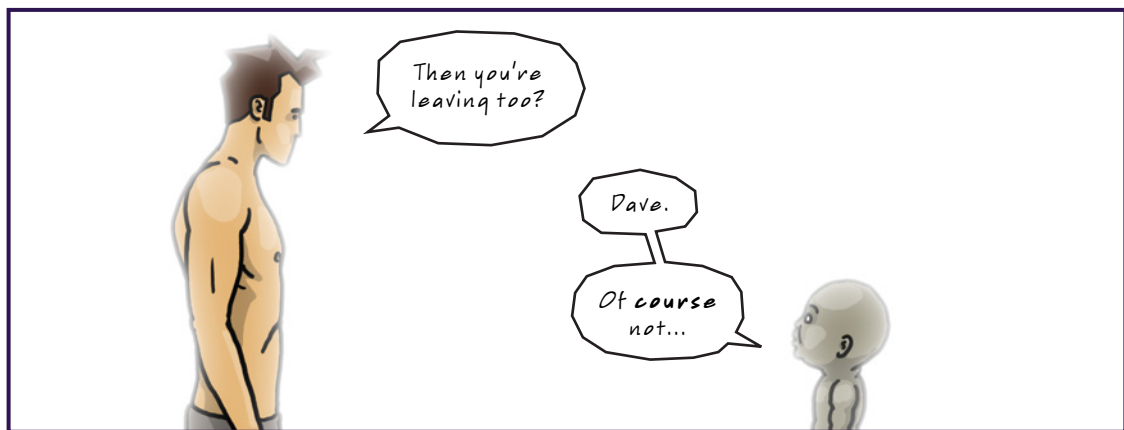
This is the end.
You've been here
before. Don't you
remember?



But it's different.
You're different.

I've finished. I'm
all grown up.

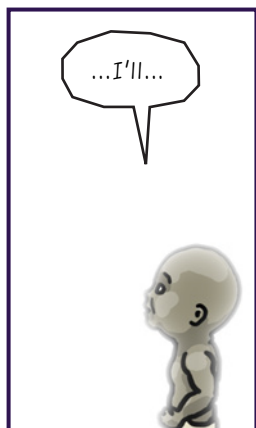
"I hate you,
Daddy."



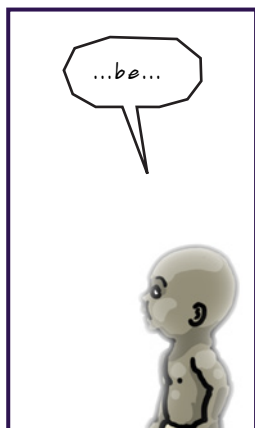
Then you're
leaving too?

Dave.

Of course
not...



...I'll...



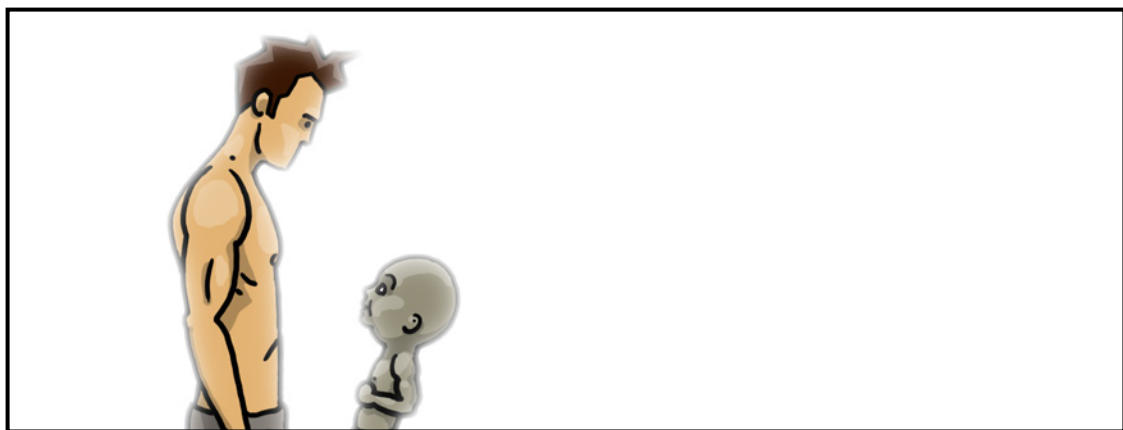
...be...

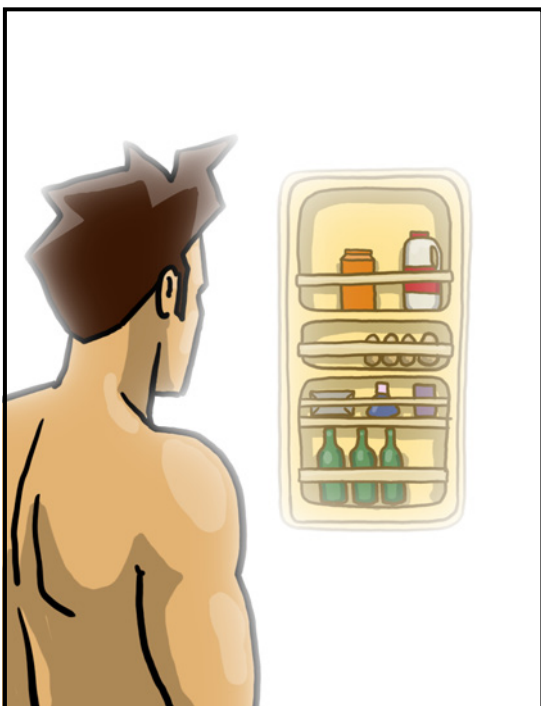
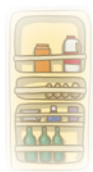


...riiight...



...here.







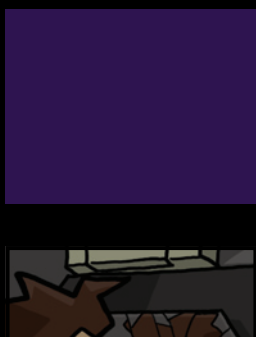








I couldn't scream, in the end.



I didn't have the lungs for it.



Or the courage.

Or something.

So now what's left?

A couple of things.

Pain: My head hurts

Doubt: Maybe I knew the story



Maybe I know the story...

Damn, I'm sure I had
an energy bar in the
fridge. Are you
awake?

Mmm.

What? My eyes look
so sad.

I had
a dream.

Do + Close
your
them.

Mmm? You what?

Okay, what?

Right.

For you...

Well, they aren't.

I was locked in the back of a car. On the back
seat. But the floor of the car was covered
in insects, so I couldn't put my feet down.

Oh, I just thought I had
an energy bar in the fridge.
It's like a breakfast in a bar,
you know? Like all vitamins
and stuff.

They really
aren't.

Oh yeah, sorry.
I had that.

Are you
okay?

Not sad then, lost.
Oh,
thanks! They look
lost.

They were huge,
all climbing over
one another.

Pattodils! Remember
when we -
lost...

Yeahhh. They're
they're lovely little
thanks.

Yeah, it wasn't really
You ate a nightmare, I do.

Yeah. They're
alright, aren't they,
for health food?

Heh heh.

Yeah?

Okay.

What?

No
problem.

When I was young I used to
love bugs. I used to play with
them, and pick them up, and
let them crawl all over me.

They set me up
for the day. I'm a
growing girl.

Sorry. Have
a coffee instead.
Now they just make me
feel sick. Now I don't
like them.

Yeah.

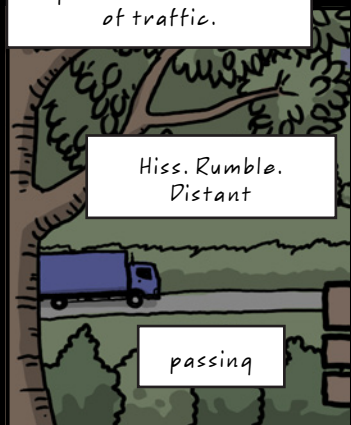
Why do we get
so complicated?





Outside.

Sporadic stereoslide
of traffic.



Hiss. Rumble.
Distant

passing



Build/peak/decay.



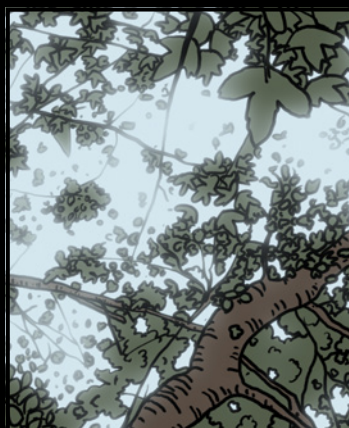
Passing on by.



And leaves
make sounds.



sad white noise,
aching in the wind.



Scratching like
pins.











Did she have
blue eyes?

Taste in my
mouth...

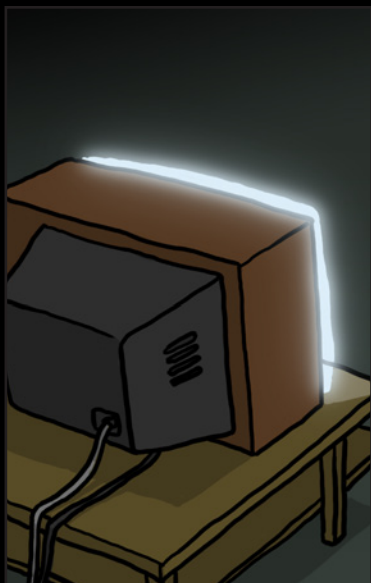
The taste of things falling
apart. Tastes like apples.

Ha ha.

The weight of words,
an extra gravity.

Her name is a word.
One word.

Crossing out words
in my phone book.
And I change my mind,
rewrite (reword)
her name.



But the number is lost,
scuttled in scribbles.

Beneath the
surface.



I never got
to look in the
case.



What case?



Purse, I mean.
Her purse.

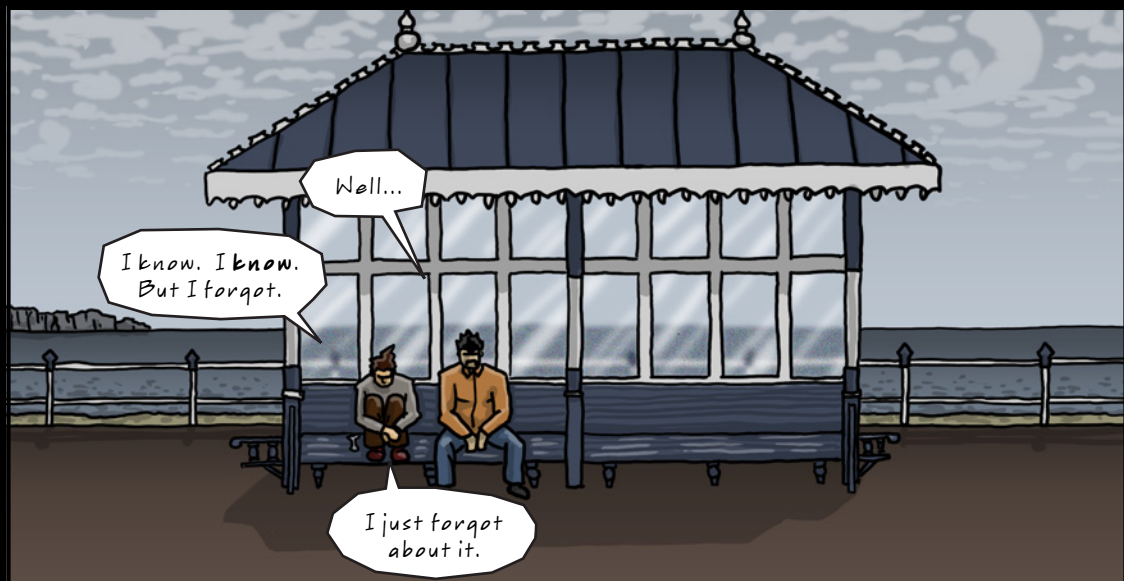


You what?



Well, I didn't get
to look in it.

And I didn't get
to give it back.



Well...

I know. I know.
But I forgot.

I just forgot
about it.



There's this old lady, she's in her coffin.



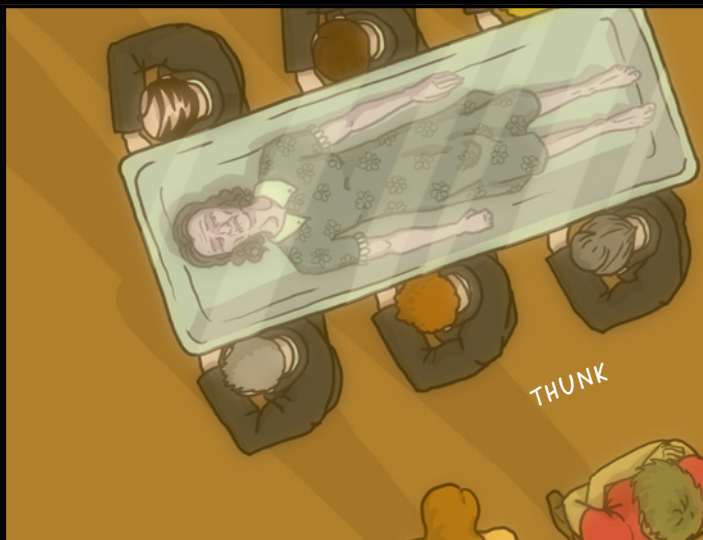
Carried through sunshine, laid in her coffin.



A transparent coffin, plastic.



Her hand's twitching as she goes.



The crowd are all smiles.



Pale, bony knuckles rap spasmodic on the coffin walls.



Premold. The coffin is a premold. Thick, clear plastic, premolded.

Hey.



Hey,
wake up.

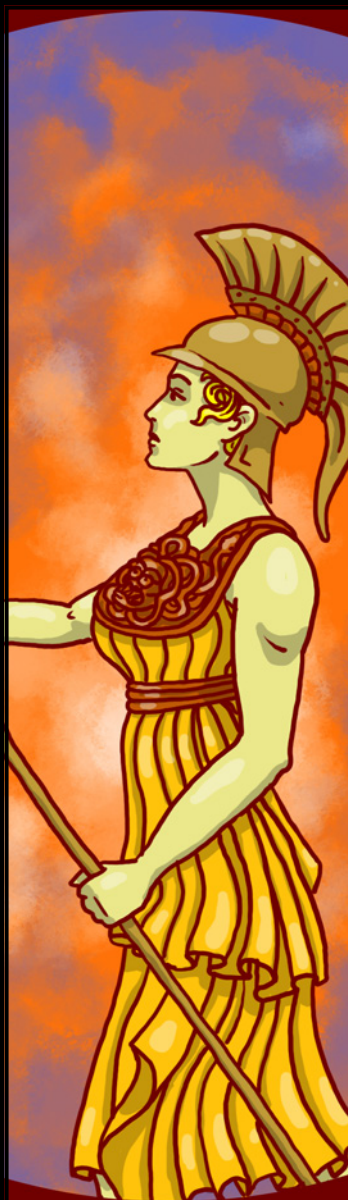


You're not
allowed to pass
out here.



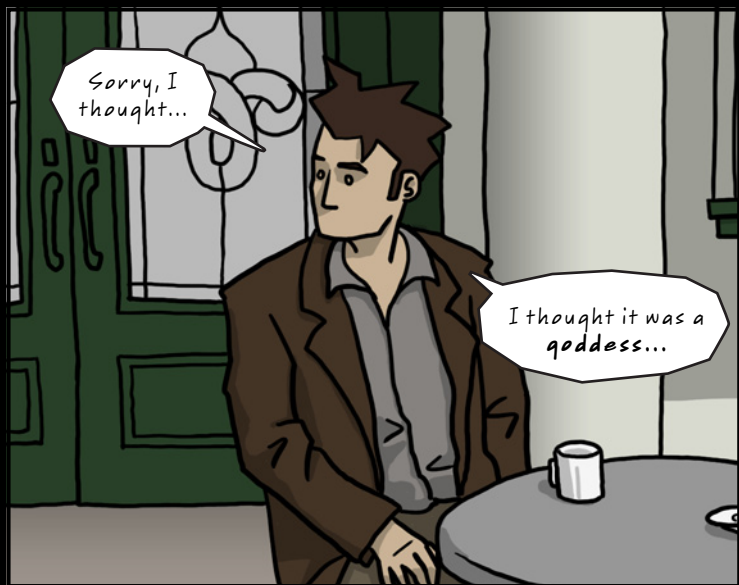






Dave,
what?



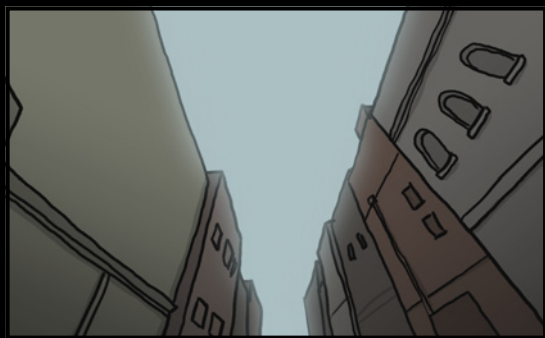










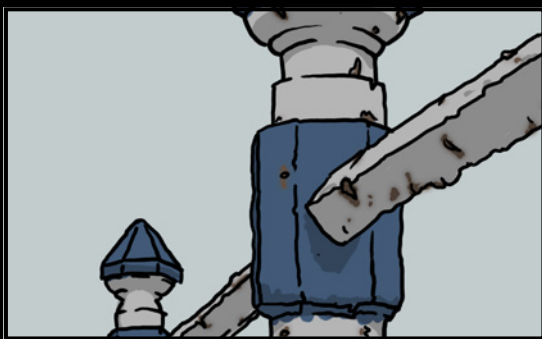
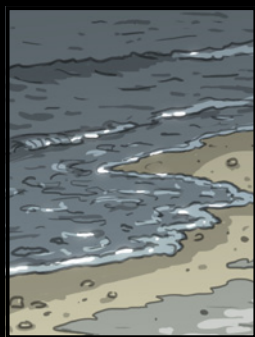
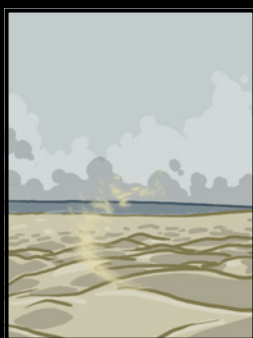
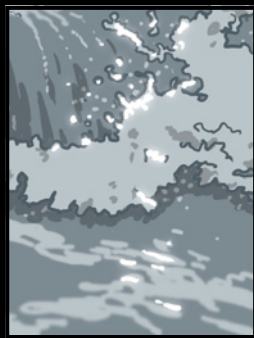
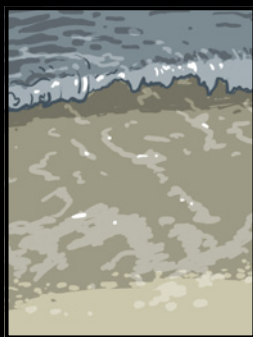
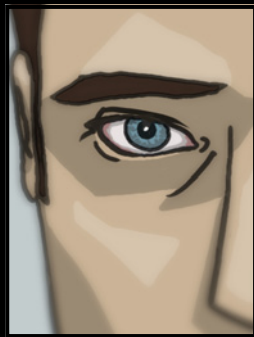
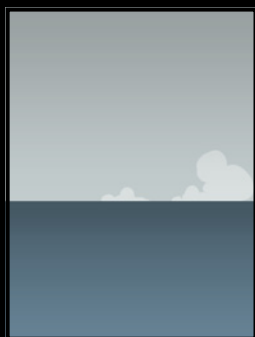


Cemetery,
slabid eholes





There it goes.









even grey,

*the sky can be
so bright...*

THE END.

Zeus and Metis

The Birth of Athena

Zeus' sexual prowess was legendary - it is well known that he seduced countless goddesses, nymphs, and mortal women in its time. Metis was a Titaness, and a very wise and beautiful one at that. Naturally then, she eventually caught Zeus' eye, and he came to lust after her. The first words she spoke to Zeus were "I am Prudence", for she was wisdom and foresight personified, and not easily seduced. Despite her rejection he pursued her directly and relentlessly. To escape his advances she changed her physical form again and again, becoming in turn a snake to hide amidst the sands, and a fish to hide beneath the waves, but still, with unfaltering determination, he pursued her.

Though she spurned him physically she began to enjoy his company, and one night she gave Zeus nectar for his father Cronus to drink. The nectar was a powerful poison that caused Cronus to regurgitate Zeus' previously devoured siblings, whole as he had swallowed them; Poseidon, Hades, Demeter, Hera and Hestia. With the siblings help Zeus was able to overthrow Cronus to take his place as king of the Gods. Yet even then, Metis did not give herself to him.

Eventually, however, Metis did finally succumb to Zeus' persistence. She was taken as his wife, and she was impregnated soon after. During the pregnancy, an Oracle warned Zeus that a son born of Metis would be his downfall - that the son would eventually overthrow him just as Zeus had overthrown Cronus. This news troubled the mighty Zeus greatly.

Thus Zeus lured Metis near to him with kind words and charm, and once she was close enough, reluctantly, he suddenly devoured her, swallowing her whole in one great mighty gulp. He thought his troubles over. But as time passed Zeus began to develop a terrible, all consuming headache. He complained of a great pressure inside his head, and his agonised cries echoed like thunder throughout Olympus and the Earth.

When no remedy granted respite, it came to Hephaestus, the smith and armourer of the Gods, to attempt a more direct solution. He unsheathed his mighty axe, and with one well placed blow he cleaved Zeus' skull clean open. Much to everyone's surprise, out sprung Athena, fully grown and strong, and Zeus' headache faded and was gone. Due to the manner of her birth, this daughter of Zeus had dominion from that point on over all aspects of the intellect.

As for Metis, she remained forever inside her husband, whispering advice to him from time to time.

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A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of the letters 'N' and 'C' followed by a flourish.

Nathan Castle